native name of Pare, is a friend by whose friend-
ship I am honoured. He is one of the very best,
generous to a fault like his mother was, jolly, a
supreme cook like her too, well read, the soul of
kindliness. He will forgive me if the laugh is a
little against him. For he keeps the Visitors' Book
of the old Tiare Hotel which has passed into other
hands since his mother's death. He was telling
me one day, then, about Brooke—how he had been
a great favourite at Lovaina's and how she used to
sit with her arm about his neck, laughing and talk-
ing with him in her famous seat whence she sur-
veyed the kitchen and the guests—and I asked to
see the signature in the old book* Pare was
instantly a little embarrassed, but for the love he
bore me he at last complied. Gesticulating and
apologising, he held out the battered relic, and
there, at the bottom of the page, one reads:

"------ Brooke, 26, Journalist, Cambridge,

England. Jan. 16."

" But where/* said I, " is the Christian name ? "

[f] Oh/ he said, inimitably in his own delightful way, " oh, I am ashamed to tell you ! Really you know, it is *terrible.* And how I could have been such a *fool!* But it was like this, and it was not